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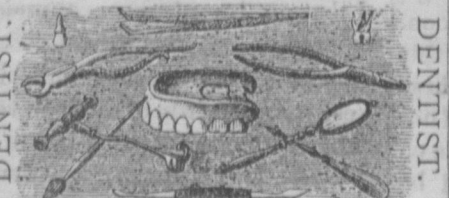
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VOLUME VII.

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NUMBER 12.

POETRY.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I hear thy voice, oh spring!
 Its flute-like tones are floating through the air,
 Winning my soul, by their wild ravishing,
 From earth's heart-wearying care.

Divinely sweet thy song!
 And yet methinks, as near the groves I pass,
 Low sighs on viewless wings are borne along,
 Tears gem the springing grass.

For where are they—
 The young and beautiful, who when thy voice
 A year ago along these valleys rung,
 Did hear thee and rejoice?

Thou seest them no more!
 No more they meet the in thy joyous round;
 Calmly they sleep beneath the murmuring main,
 Or moulder under ground.

Yet peace, my heart, be still!
 Look upward to thy azure sky, and know
 To heavenly music now thy bosoms thrill,
 Where balmy breezes blow.

For them has bloomed a spring
 Whose flowers perennial deck a holier sod,
 Whose music is in the song that seraphs sing,
 Whose light, the smile of God.

STORY TELLER.

A ROMANCE OF THE PYRENEES.

I am a Spaniard and the only son
 and sole heir of Don Guzman de Man-
 soria, a grandee of Spain of the second
 class, by whom I was educated accord-
 ing to my fortune and exalted rank.
 At the age of twenty-five I lost my
 father. It is the custom in Spain that
 at the death of a father the nobles
 should wear mourning for one year and
 pass that time in a state of absolute
 solitude at their remotest estates. I
 loved my father tenderly, and deeply
 regretted his loss. I observed my coun-
 try's custom on that event as a holy
 duty, and in conformity thereto re-
 moved into Aragon, where I had a cas-
 tle situated at the foot of Mount Mala-
 detta, on the extreme frontier, between
 Spain and France. This was in the year
 1779, when Spain was still beau-
 tiful and mighty, although the nobil-
 ity and clergy ruled it with an iron des-
 potism; and the feudal laws, more rig-
 idly enforced than they had ever been,
 even in France, were better consolida-
 ted by the perfect understanding on
 this point between the priests and the
 Crown. The nobles ruled the people,
 and the King ruled all. For my part,
 I frankly admit that I was proud of my
 title of Count, and prized the prerog-
 atives of my rank and the rights of my
 birth. My steward dispensed justice
 to my vassals in my name, and when
 his decisions appeared unjust to them
 they appealed to me in person.

The gallows, which stood before the
 great gate of the castle, pithily an-
 nounced my power of condemning to
 death within the limits of my county.
 By law all smugglers were subject to
 this rigorous penalty, to which my
 deputy always condemned them with
 unsparring severity, and which I always
 commuted to a lighter punishment.
 At this time the smugglers were in
 greater numbers than they are now, and
 as I had received directions from Court
 to suppress this illegal traffic, I had
 armed my vassals, who patrolled all the
 defiles and by-roads, scoured the moun-
 tains, and assisted the officers of the
 King's customs on all occasions. The
 rigorous pursuit of the smugglers in-
 creased their audacity and inspired them
 with desperation and revenge. Before
 they were only dealers in prohibited
 articles; they now became brigands,
 organized regular bands into troops,
 and opposed open resistance in the
 field to the King's and my jurisdiction.
 One day fifty of my people were attack-
 ed near La Picade and cruelly massa-
 cred by these bandits; whereupon I
 vowed never again to remit or com-
 mute the sentence of my deputy, but
 to hang up the first smuggler who
 should be captured.

A few days afterwards the worthy
 functionary was announced, and pre-
 sented me with a death-warrant for my
 signature. I hesitated, trembled and
 could not proceed. It is such a shock-
 ing, chilling thought that a few letters,
 so rapidly and easily traced, should
 have the power of depriving a fellow-
 creature of life! I tried to read the
 sentence, but my eyes were clouded
 and I could not see distinctly, so I
 asked the steward to read it. He com-
 menced with an official tone, but I
 stopped him at the second line—when

I found that the culprit was a girl on-
 ly eighteen years old!

"My Lord," said the functionary,
 "Milanetta is the daughter of the cap-
 tain of the smugglers. She daily de-
 ceives the vigilance of the guards, and
 passes and repasses between Spain and
 France with intelligence to direct the
 movements of the two troops of band-
 its, and they could not possibly baffle
 our authority but for her. This young
 woman is guilty; I have condemned
 her, and it is your duty to sanction the
 law's award. You have pledged your-
 self to the rigid execution of justice to
 your vassals, and you owe it to the kind.
 The word of a Spanish grandee is sac-
 ered; therefore, my Lord, you must
 sign that paper."

"Never! What! send a girl only
 eighteen years old to death! I couldn't
 muster strength to do it. What did
 she urge in her defense?"

"Nothing."
 "Has she confessed the charge?"

"No."
 "Then I suspend the execution of the
 sentence. Conduct Milanetta here. I
 wish to see and interrogate her per-
 sonally."

My deputy obeyed, and in an instant
 afterwards Milanetta stood before me.
 Oh, if you had seen that youthful crea-
 ture, glittering with grace and beauty!
 Had you noticed the sublimity of her
 looks at that trying moment, the clear
 olive of her expansive brow (the sun,
 you know, kisses our Spanish maidens
 with a scorching embrace,) her dark
 tresses floating loose in the mountain
 breeze, her noble attitude and the ma-
 jestic bearing of her head, like me, you
 would first of all have admired; like
 me you would have felt an involuntary
 respect for her; like me, perhaps, you
 would have loved her! I was then on-
 ly twenty-five, and knew nothing of
 the cloisters of Salamanca or the courts
 and revels of Madrid. My heart was
 yet in its virgin freshness, my head was
 heated under our burning sun, and I
 felt that inscrutable want of something
 to love; something to invest with the
 rich worship of my soul; something
 which should burst upon me like a vision
 of light, even if it consumed me in
 its revelation. When I commenced
 my examination I was much more agi-
 tated than my prisoner. We were
 alone, and I am sure my emotion must
 have been apparent when I said:
 "Do you know the punishment to
 which the steward has condemned you?"

"Yes, my Lord," was her answer, in
 a low, calm voice—"to death."

"Before confirming the law's sen-
 tence I have desired to see you, to as-
 certain from yourself whether you have
 no extenuating circumstances to al-
 lege."

"Nothing."
 "You are a smuggler, then?"

"Oh, no!"
 "Why, then, do you cross into France
 every night? What other motive could
 induce you to expose yourself to such
 peril?"

"That I will never disclose."
 "Recollect that the only means of
 saving your life is a frank and unre-
 served declaration of—"

"I know it, but I will not do it. I
 will reply to you, my Lord, as I did to
 your judge: 'I have never smuggled.'
 Whether I cross nightly into France
 or not is my own business, and my mo-
 tives are my own. My doom is spoken;
 let it be executed; I am ready to suffer
 it. My Lord, I shall not answer an-
 other inquiry."

From that moment she was insen-
 sible to advice, menace or entreaties.
 Nothing could overcome her obstinate
 silence. During three days I was
 constantly with her, and did all that I
 could to extract her secret from her;
 but she treasured in the bottom of
 her heart what she wished to conceal
 from me, while she soon guessed what
 I dared not disclose to her. Yes, it
 was in her chilly and comfortable cell
 that I—her judge, her lord, the ar-
 biter of her life—fell at her feet and re-
 vealed in passionate accents what she
 had already read in my looks and ges-
 tures. It was in her prison that she
 coldly repulsed my love and rejected
 her pardon on the terms I offered it.
 No one who had seen us then would
 have said: "He is the judge and she

is the victim." She was always calm,
 cold and resigned, while I endured
 all the tortures of disappointed love
 irritated by repulses. The vault of
 the prison resounded with my entreat-
 ies and angry exclamations, with my
 sighs and passionate appeals; and I
 momentarily was the prey of every
 contending emotion—now ready to
 kill Milanetta, and now resolving to
 save her at all hazards; now begging
 her to be mine, and now determined
 to bid the executioner perform his
 fatal office. I was no longer myself—
 I loved for the first time, and the be-
 ing to whom I poured out my heart
 and soul in protestations of adoration,
 transport and idolatry coldly an-
 swered: "I cannot listen to you; I love
 another." After an awful outbreak of
 rage at such an announcement, I in-
 sisted upon knowing who my rival
 was, but she replied, with the same
 calmness of tone and look, "That you
 shall never know."

At this juncture a violent knocking
 was heard at the prison door. My
 people were looking for me on all
 sides, as a French nobleman had just
 arrived in great haste at the castle
 and demanded to see me immediately.
 I went to him at once, striving in vain
 to hide from my servant the emotions
 with which I was agitated and at
 whose violence I myself was alarmed.
 I made my appearance in the great
 hall, a prey to the most gloomy fore-
 bodings. I there saw a young man,
 who was pacing the hall with hurried
 steps and who desired to converse
 without witnesses.

"I am the Marquis de Clairval," said
 he; "I possess a castle in France,
 which, like yours, is on the very fron-
 tier, and like you I am engaged in
 suppressing smuggling and executing
 justice against those engaged in it."

The name of the Marquis was fa-
 miliar to me, as we had corresponded
 together to devise measures for the
 security of the frontier.

"But," continued he, "however rigid
 and unrelenting may be our justice
 against those taken in the act, it is
 rather too much that we should con-
 demn innocent people to death merely
 because they refuse to give reasons
 for their behavior."

"To what do you allude, Monsieur?"
 "Listen to me. A young girl, named
 Milanetta, has fallen into the hands
 of your officers."

"Ha! can you explain?"
 "That is the sole object of my visit.

It was but this morning that I heard
 of her arrest, her condemnation, and
 that she declined disclosing the mo-
 tive of her frequent trips into France
 by night. I know the cause and am
 come to unfold it to you; but it is in
 full confidence of your honor and dis-
 cretion. Milanetta is mine!"

"Yours? You Milanetta's lover?"
 "You seem surprised at this—be-
 cause such a beautiful creature as
 Milanetta did not reside with me in
 my castle, or that I did not take her
 with me to Paris during last winter.

You may be also astonished that a
 noble of France should be sufficiently
 enamored of a peasant girl to submit
 to the constraint of mystery and the
 harass and trouble of nightly and dan-
 gerous interviews. But Milanetta is
 not one of those women who yield
 easily, nor is she one whose influence
 can be easily shaken off.

"I think I know her character," I
 added.

"Oh, no! You never can know the
 deep well of love and energetic feeling
 in the heart of that young creature.
 You never could know that in yielding
 to the passion which possessed her,
 and which I shared, she has never
 passed one day without weeping for
 her guilt, even in our tenderest meet-
 ings. She has risked everything to
 see me and to love me in secret—and
 now you have the object of her noc-
 turnal journeys, which she would not
 disclose to you because she would
 have had to blush at the confession,
 and lost a public declaration made to
 her judge should come to the ears of
 her father. To prevent this she would
 have died without opening her lips.
 Now, my Lord, I have said sufficient
 to convince you that she is unjustly
 condemned. You are absolute here;
 I ask her pardon of you and feel as-
 sured that you will gladly concede it."

The Marquis' language, the love
 which he confessed, and Milanetta's
 passion for him, of which he boasted
 so proudly and fervently, threw me
 into rage and despair. Ideas of ven-
 geance and of blood rushed through
 my brain till I grew giddy. Without
 a consciousness of what I was doing,
 or going to do, I rang the bell impa-
 tiently and ordered Milanetta to be
 brought immediately before me.

"Do not let her see me!" cried the
 Marquis; "let her not be made ac-
 quainted with what I have done! If
 she learned that it was to me that she
 owed her life, her feelings towards me
 would be all absorbed in gratitude,
 and it is her love only that I desire."

This expression increased my fren-
 zy, while the Marquis, who was nearly
 as much agitated as I was, did not
 perceive my emotion. He only heard
 the sound of footsteps in the corridor,
 and thinking that it was Milanetta,
 who approached, he asked me where
 he could conceal himself. I pointed
 to the door of my closet, and the mo-
 ment it closed upon him Milanetta
 came into the hall. For a minute I
 was speechless, overpowered by trans-
 ports of envy and passion. Milanetta
 turned away from the fierce expression
 of my features. With a hoarse voice
 I shouted, "I know your lover now; I
 am no longer ignorant who it is you
 prefer to me. He has come to solicit
 your pardon. The Marquis de Clair-
 val has cleared you of the charge of
 smuggling, but has acknowledged
 that you are his amie!"

"What!" she frantically exclaimed,
 "has the Marquis been here?"

"He is here still, Milanetta."

"What, here? here in your power?
 Oh! spare him, my Lord, spare him.
 It is I only who have deserved your
 vengeance—death is my portion; but
 for him—"

"Yes, scornful girl! Death for you!
 He has asked for mercy for you—he
 has come to ask me to place you again
 in his arms; but I will give you to
 the executioner, and your lover shall
 witness!"

The Marquis flung open the door
 with violence. I had quite forgotten
 that he was there, and he had heard
 every word I spoke. At his appear-
 ance Milanetta uttered one despairing
 shriek, while I looked at them both
 vindictively. He beckoned me aside,
 and said with a low voice: "My Lord
 Count, you are a gentleman by birth,
 but you have disgraced your name
 and rank. Among people of our sta-
 tion the sword is the only arbiter, and
 the injuries or jealousies of love are
 settled by that appeal. It is not by
 hanging Milanetta that you should re-
 venge yourself when you have the op-
 portunity as a gentleman of fighting
 me."

"What! Would you accept a chal-
 lenge?"

"This very instant."

"But you know the laws against
 duelling, and the rigorous strictness
 with which both kings exact the pen-
 alty?"

"I know very well that both in
 France and Spain the duelist is pun-
 ished by the forfeiture of his estates;
 that his shield is defaced and his coat
 of arms burned, and that if his enemy
 is killed he is beheaded; but I hate
 you now as strongly as you can hate
 me, and to hold my sword's point to
 your heart I would face every peril
 and every disgrace!"

"To-morrow, then, at daybreak, I
 will be at Venasque with a second."

"Be it so. And now sign Milanet-
 ta's pardon."

"Her pardon!"
 "It is the first and only condition
 of our meeting."

I signed it, and handed it to Mila-
 netta, who refused to take it.

"What will it avail me," said she,
 "when my father knows the secret of
 my nocturnal journeys? When he
 questions me, what answer can I give
 him? If I tell him the truth he will
 kill me on the spot."

"Kill you, Milanetta?"
 "He is only a smuggler or a bandit
 in your eyes; but this bandit is as
 jealous of his daughter's honor as any
 peer of France or grandee of Spain.
 He will kill me, I tell you, and I would
 prefer dying by the executioner's hand
 to his."

Next morning, before the sun rose,
 I was at the very extremity of the
 Spanish frontier, and the Marquis
 made his appearance almost as soon.
 He brought his second, but I had for-
 gotten to bring one. A man on horse-
 back was passing within a few paces
 of us. I called to him and asked him
 if he would become my second in a
 duel.

He immediately dismounted, meas-
 ured our swords like a person accus-
 tomed to the business, and offered me
 his own as better tempered than mine.
 We had scarcely crossed our blades
 when the French and Spanish guards
 came running up, separated us, en-
 joined us to desist, and threatened to
 arrest us if we renewed the combat.
 Milanetta had informed them of our
 intentions. I perceived the rage and
 mortification of the Marquis at this
 interruption, but I told him that we
 could laugh at their interference, and
 fight before their faces without their
 having the power to interfere.

"The frontier of France and Spain
 is marked by that cross. You, who
 are a Frenchman, cross into Spain,
 while I step into France. We can
 then cross our blades, with our feet
 touching the frontier line, which we
 can keep between our bodies and our
 swords. The Spaniard who fights a
 Frenchman on French ground, and
 the Frenchman who meets a Spaniard
 on the Spanish soil, cannot be reach-
 ed by the law, for the King of Spain
 has no more power over you than the
 King of France has over me, and nei-
 ther would violate the laws of nations
 by arresting their subjects on a for-
 eign territory."

With one bound I stood upon the
 territory of France, while the Marquis
 remained in Spain, and we both called
 to the guards: "Back, marshalsmen of
 France, you have no authority over a
 noble of Spain." "Away, holy broth-
 erhood of Spain, keep your hands off
 a gentleman of France."

The soldiers fell back amazed and
 irresolute, while we stood and fought
 in the narrow pass, where there was
 not room for a man to stand. Our
 swords had scarcely recrossed when
 the Marquis fell, pierced to the heart.
 I rushed forward to support him,
 when my second, holding me in his
 iron grasp, shouted: "Stop where you
 are! One foot forward and death
 stares you in the face, and that upon
 the scaffold!" His words were in-
 terrupted by a shriek, and we saw Mila-
 netta fling herself upon the dead body,
 uttering the most passionate excla-
 mations of agony and tenderness. My
 second gnashed his teeth when he
 saw and heard her. He rushed to her
 and tore her roughly from the body
 which she embraced. She uttered a
 heart-piercing shriek, and, falling on
 her knees and clasping her hands, she
 exclaimed:

"Forgive me, father, forgive me!"
 "Dishonored!" answered he with a
 gloomy voice. "Then die with him!"
 and with one blow of his knife he laid
 her lifeless at his feet. Then lifting
 up the body he threw it to me saying,
 "She who dies in her shame is not
 worthy of finding a grave in her coun-
 try: the soil of Spain rejects the body
 of Milanetta, who gave herself up to a
 Frenchman."

The guards of the holy brotherhood
 surrounded the smuggler, who threw
 his knife away and held out his hands
 to them.

"Bind me," said he, "I am the lead-
 er of the smugglers—you can hang
 me at once for smuggling, but not for
 killing my daughter. You have out-
 laked the smuggler, and therefore he
 takes justice into his own hands."

My estate was confiscated, my es-
 cutcheon disfigured, my castle burned
 and a price set upon my head; but
 heaven has punished me in lengthen-
 ing my existence and protracting my
 sorrows. I have survived this event
 fifty years, but my heart is still young
 in recollections and sufferings, and
 from that time I have never trod upon
 the soil of my country!

—The heavy decline in the prices of
 provisions is attributed as the cause of
 the failure of Collins & Begary, provi-
 sion dealers, in Philadelphia, whose li-
 abilities, it is thought, are over \$200,-
 000.

A DEAF MAN'S MUSINGS.

He is rich who is poor enough to be
 generous.

To extol one's own virtue is to make
 a vice of it.

About a pint of tears go to every
 pleasure, taking the world over.

An act of kindness to a shivering
 beggar child is a profession of relig-
 ion.

He who must use his eyes for ears
 hears much that is lost amid the noisy
 rattle of speech.

A good conscience is no real conso-
 lation to a man when appearances are
 all against him.

As a rule, the man who asks for cred-
 it in a whiskey-shop is beyond hope of
 redemption.

Make light of your infirmities if you
 desire sympathy. Useless repinings
 excite disgust.

If mankind should be turned into
 different forms of food an "old maid"
 would make dry toast.

In the beautiful foliage of the church-
 yard I see the flesh of the dead, and
 their souls in every flash of lightning.

Take from what has been written
 that which has done mankind no solid
 good, and a Saratoga trunk would hold
 the rest.

The wild geese will soon begin to
 move northward, and weary wanderers
 from the haunts of winter dissipation
 will follow.

Look out for the man who makes
 liberal use of the personal pronoun "I"
 in conversation, for the chances are
 that he is a liar.

"I leave to my heirs an abundance
 of hate, envy and legal strife" would be
 an appropriate clause in the last will
 of most rich men.

There is somewhere a fool-key to
 your friend's nature, and if you can
 find it you can make him dance to any
 tune you whistle.

A girl's sighs are melodies to her
 lover's ears, and her tears are kissed
 away as sweet waters. Marriage is apt
 to give a different direction to these
 forces.

When a man reaches the age of fifty,
 it is time for him to make up his mind
 as to what manner of old man he would
 like to be, and put himself at once into
 training.

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Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

A WAY TO HELP THE "HOME."

The plan which we have, in connection with "Our Subscribers' Mutual Auxiliary," is this: When the time arrives when we realize a comfortable compensation for our time and trouble, if there is a year without any death occurring among our subscribers, the money which would otherwise be paid to the legal heirs or assigns of a deceased subscriber, or subscribers, will be devoted to the benefit of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes. We intend to make our paper a means of good for all interested in it. The auxiliary plan, we think, is original with us. With us it is purely disinterested—one in which our subscribers should be more interested than we, and if they will put their shoulders to the wheel there is no reason why the scheme may not be brought to a successful issue. It seems possible, with the combined efforts of our friends all over the land, to make the circulation of the JOURNAL, in a few years, attain to 50,000. In that case, should a single death occur each year, there would be a legacy of \$12,500, and if there should be five deaths in a single year the heirs or assigns of each of the deceased subscribers would receive the sum of \$2,500. We respectfully invite the attention of our readers to these facts, feeling that it will be highly advantageous to them to use all reasonable efforts to help increase our circulation. You have nothing to lose, even if the effort proves abortive, while, if it is successful, you are certainly great gainers. During this year we shall closely watch for the effects of our offer, which we have reason to hope will meet with very satisfactory results.

RENEW PROMPTLY—PAY UP.

Some of our subscribers, upon the expiration of their subscriptions receive notices from us to that effect, and some of them are very slow about replying. It is purely a matter of business with us, and, hereafter, after notifying subscribers of the expiration of their subscriptions we shall expect immediate renewals by their paying for the paper; otherwise we shall conclude that they do not want the paper sent to them any longer, and we shall, in such cases, strike their names from our lists and discontinue sending their paper. But we hope all will renew promptly.

Some of our agents are tardy about sending subscription money which is due us. We desire all such dues to be sent without delay.

AND FOR YOUR PENSIONS.

Attention of our readers is called to an advertisement elsewhere in this paper of interest to soldiers of the public and sailors of the war of 1812. These soldiers and sailors, doing service in the war of 1812 are entitled to pensions. All information on the subject will be readily obtained by stating the facts of the case in a letter, enclosing a three cent stamp, addressed to Presbrey and Green, Patent Attorneys and Solicitors, No. 509 Seventh street, Washington, D. C., who will promptly attend to all pension and patent matters entrusted to their management. Soldiers and sailors of the war of 1812, and the Indian war, or the widows of such soldiers and sailors will find the above a reliable firm.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

THERE is no sickness, at present, at the Kansas Institution.

MAJOR Hoskins, of Linden, Wis., died lately of hemorrhage of the lungs.

A new building has lately been finished for the use of the Texas Institution.

The little boys of the Colorado Institution have been cleaning up the grounds.

Miss Annie M. Putnam, of Saratoga Springs, a visiting friend in Chicago.

Miss Emily Eddy's mother died, quite recently, at the advanced age of 84 years.

Flowers have for some time been in blossom in the flower garden of the Michigan Institution.

The Wisconsin Institution rejoices over a brand new set of type—the press is *non est* as yet.

Miss Mary Landon, of Mt. Gilead, O., is visiting Mr. Emory Shoop's family, at Delaware, O.

The Mirror man's "daddy never saved any [dollars] for us, so we have to do that ourself."

St. Louis, Iowa, has a deaf and dumb barber. It is a pity there is not more of them—*Chicago Times*.

This time \$30,000 is the price voted to carry the Wisconsin Institution through another twelve months.

A stereoscopic exhibition of pictures was given at the Minnesota Institution in the evening of Feb. 23d.

J. E. Tuttle found ten dollars on the highway recently. If it is not in confederate script, we would not object to it.

Mr. David Ross, of Marion, O., who is a shoemaker, is out of work, and has been doing some visiting among friends.

SUPERINTENDENT Bowles, of Kansas, whose health was recently reported as failing, is, we are glad to note, improving rapidly.

PROF Brown and Miss Bennett, of the Michigan Institution, delivered two poems in signs at a church social, on the 18th of March.

A young lady graduate, '77, of the Michigan Institution, visited her *alma mater* recently, and her old classmates gave her a surprise party.

SAID one of our deaf-mute exchanges: "He put the butt of his gun in the hole to feel for rabbits.—The funeral was numerously attended."

A deaf-mute owner of a tin shop in Mendota, Ill., proposes to sell out and emigrate to Kansas in search of work. We advise him to stay where he is.

We are gratified to learn of the returning health of Prof. McCoy, of the Wisconsin Institution. He is now able to attend to his ordinary duties.

THE regular monthly social occurred at the Minnesota Institution Saturday evening, March 1st, and was enjoyed by the pupils in a hearty manner.

THE leading saddler and harness maker of Galesburg, Ill., a place with a population of 15,000, is Mr. Geyer, a deaf-mute, educated at Columbus, Ohio.

THE Virginia Institution pupils who were invited to the entertainment by ladies of the female seminary, have not got the good time they had out of their head yet.

W. W. Miles, a cabinet-maker by trade, is working in the North Indianapolis, Ind., Udell Ladder Works. He reports the company's business as being very good.

EMORY SHOOP, of Delaware, O., dealer in monuments, tombstones, and building stones, reports his business good, and that he has jobs now on hand amounting to \$1,000.

SUBSCRIBERS to the Mirror don't always give their post-office addresses; and sometimes leave the mailing man to the blurred memories of the post-man. So do some of ours.

THE Star apologizes for its scanty local columns; but can't see why it should, for nothing happened, and it refuses to shoulder the blame. The institution people should be more considered.

MISS P. B. Englehardt, of Milwaukee, died at Berlin, Wis., on the 5th of March, after a lingering illness. The disease was consumption. Mrs. E. was a graduate of the Wisconsin Institution.

By special invitation the pupils of the deaf-mute department of the Virginia Institution attended a calisthenic exercise entertainment at the Virginia Female Institution, Saturday evening, Feb. 23d.

BENJAMIN McLaughlin, of the Diocese of Illinois, has issued a lay reader's license to Mr. E. P. Holmes, of Chardon Hills, Illinois. Mr. Holmes is thus authorized to read the services of the Episcopal church to the mutes of the Diocese.

THE Michigan Institution pupils spent a recent evening in the effort to prove that steam-power is of more benefit to man than the printing press. The Mirror tells us of the result: "Most of the audience favored both sides equally."

AMONG those present at the service held in Galesburg recently were Mr. and Mrs. White, of La Fayette, Ill. Mrs. White was one of the first pupils of Dr. L. L. Peet, and a class-mate of the late Mr. Breg, of the Michigan Institution.

THE Minnesota mutes being otherwise engaged on the anniversary of George's birth, wrote very good accounts of Washington, from various standpoints, all of which accounts are published by the *Companion* in a Washington's birthday supplement.

A little deaf and dumb daughter of George Black, living a few miles from the city of Madison, Ind., fell into a starch-heap vat on the evening of the 20th ult., and was drowned before assistance reached her. Her parents were nearly crazed over the mishap.

MISS M. E. Finney, of Kalamazoo, Mich., is represented as a deaf-mute who, losing her hearing at the age of four, still retains a remarkable command of voice, and in reading lips she is so proficient that at church she can follow the sermon, provided the preacher wears no beard.

THE West Virginia Institution, through the *Tablet*, solicits contributions from its graduates to help swell the amount it is collecting among the pupils for the benefit of the Home.

We think if the deaf-mute press, generally, would put forth an effort, a handsome sum would be realized.

THE *Annals*, the *Mirror* says, does not credit the Michigan Institution with the library of 1,200 volumes it has. Did the Michigan personage who answered the questions in the *Annals* annual tabular blanks forget to put down the library statistics, or did the *Annals* forget to transfer it?

One of the earliest settlers of Galesburg, Ill., is Harvey Hatch, one of the earliest pupils of the Hartford Asylum. He came to Illinois upwards of forty years ago, and settled first at Ottawa, and afterwards at Galesburg, where he has resided twenty-six years. He is now fully seventy years old.

J. C. Buckley, of Monmouth, Ill., has recently returned home from Nebraska, where he had an experience with the grasshoppers extend-

ing through two or three successive summers. He is thoroughly cured of any desire to go there again. His brother is foreman of the printing-office of the Nebraska Institution, at Omaha.

WASHINGTON's birthday was duly celebrated at the Wisconsin Institution. Among the novel features of the evening was the introduction of a pure white stuffed cow, which would not permit the milking operations to go on. We regret that Prof. Wing, of the Minnesota Institution, was not present to manage her bovine eccentricities.

Two double cousins, who married about eighty years ago, died some time since in Harris county, Georgia. They raised twelve children, all of whom lived to be sixty years old and upward.

Alternately a deaf and dumb infant was born, making six of sound body and six afflicted. The six deaf and dumb children lost their sight at sixty.

J. E. Tuttle is hedging. That gold pen was to go to the best deaf-mute editor. Now it is to go to the most honest. After a while it will be the most beautiful, and then the tallest, next the cheekiest and so on *ad infinitum*. Meantime it is refreshing to know that the pen is "at my office." The world, generally, will be surprised to know that J. E. T. has an office.

WOULD it not be well for "F. D. C." in the *Educator* (published at the N. Y. Inst.) to use quotation marks, or in some way acknowledge the authorship of his verbatim extracts from the *New American Evangelist*? For instance: For his treatise on "Percussion Caps" see Vol. VIII, Art. "Pulmonitis."—*Goodson Gazette*. Plagiarism is a very good example of cheapness.

Miss Christina Weidner, of Medina county, O., went to Delaware in that State, to see Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. A. W. Mann when they were there last June. She remained there as a domestic until recently when she was taken sick and kindly cared for by Mr. Shoop's folks till she was able to go home. She is now well, and returns to her work in Delaware again, at the home of Mrs. Anthony.

Rev. John Chamberlain, of New York, preached a good sermon in St. Paul's Church, Boston, Sunday, March 10th. Among the mutes present were Mr. and Mrs. George Honser, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin N. Bowers, Messrs. Jonathan P. Marsh, Wallace H. Kramme and Edward Welch, of Boston; Frank C. Davis, Misses Ella M. Polter and Hattie Allard, of Cambridge, and Edmund C. Baker, of Chelsea, Mass.

MISS Helen M. Manning, formerly of the corps of teachers of the Illinois Institution, has been teaching a few private pupils for some time at Galesburg, Illinois. One of these pupils is the young daughter of Mr. Bargland, a wealthy cattle dealer. The school is held in one of the rooms of his residence. The pupils give indications of good training, as they write well and compose correct sentences.

A deaf-mute tramp and beggar called at a house in Galesburg, Ill., recently, and asked for some money. While the mistress of the house was in another room looking for some small change for him he made away with a silver watch, which he noticed lying on a table. The theft was not discovered till some hours afterward. At last reports the police were on the track of this useless pest and burden of society.

PROF. ADAM L. Stettner opened a school for deaf-mutes at 514, Elizabeth St., Milwaukee, Jan. 16th of this year. He teaches by articulation and lip-reading entirely. His class at present numbers nine pupils, six females and three males.

The Milwaukee press speaks very highly of his success thus far, and he is warmly supported by the citizens. This school makes three deaf-mute schools for Wisconsin, the other two being at Delaware and St. Joseph, the latter having about twenty-five pupils.

THE Star asks "How can we prevent pupils from falling into the habits of deaf-mutenism?" The Star evidently notices that articulation does not remedy these things. We doubt if there is any cure except a persistent war on them, as with garden weeds. In a paper read before the Convention of Instructors at Indianapolis, in 1876, or in reply to a question, or, we rather think, an outline of an articulationist, Dr. L. L. Peet said: "Just as soon as the deaf-mute is out of his depth, these peculiarities of expression will appear." It is a fact.

ZACHARIAS Dinehart, of Frazee City, Minn., says he has sold his big oxen and bought a pair of young horses, for which he paid \$250, and that he is going to sow 60 acres of wheat and oats this spring, and that he and his hired man have cut 1,000 railroad ties, but have not delivered them yet for lack of snow. He says he likes that State better than New York. Mr. Dinehart says he is 22 years old. He has, evidently, a fair start in this world, for becoming a rich farmer.

Mr. Cyrus Morse, of whose whereabouts he is anxious to know, lives at Bridgeport Centre, Baginaw Co., Mich.

A deaf and dumb boy, aged nine years, who has always resided in this vicinity, died on Friday last, and a few minutes before he died he spoke. It was the first time he was ever heard to say a word. He stated that this summer he would not be enough inhabitants alive in Long Branch to bury the dead. Some fear another pestilence such as visited this town twelve or fifteen years ago, when the spotted fever caused fearful havoc among the natives. Others fear the place will be flooded by the tidal wave.

The wind continues from the northeast, where it has been all day, and is now blowing a gale.—*N. Y. Herald*, March 13, 1878.

AS Iowa deaf-mute has invented a novel fire-escape. It is a cap or turban to be placed on the head and fastened securely under the chin. It contains enough material to form a small balloon, and when inflated looks like one. It is so arranged that, when placed on the head in a collapsed condition, the air can enter it from underneath, and expand it. In case of danger, it is adjusted firmly on the head, and the wearer then jumps boldly from the window of the burning building; the air instantly rushes into the turban, swells it into a balloon, and, buoyed by it, the wearer comes down so gently as to strike the ground with little force. The inventor asserts that with it one can jump safely from a fourth-story window; but to make certain of it and to impart confidence to the jumper, there is a pair of huge padded shoes to be fastened on the feet so as to ease the conclusion.

FROM the ninth annual report of the Maryland Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, for 1877, we deduce a few facts and figures, in a condensed form. The efficient principal of the school, Charles W. Ely, A. M., is assisted by six teachers, one of whom is the instructor of articulate language. A cabinet shop and a shoe shop offer facilities for the boys to learn trades. Improvements have been made, to the cost of about \$10,500.

One of the principal improvements consisted of alterations in the heating apparatus which are expected to make a saving, annually, of about 200 tons of coal. The whole number of scholars in attendance during the year was 103, of whom 47 were from the city of Baltimore, and 56 from the counties, with the exceptions of one each from the States of Delaware and Pennsylvania.

The older pupils are much interested in reading the newspapers, and keep pace with the current news. Good progress was made in the literary department and in the shops. The health of the pupils was good. Total receipts for the year, \$33,242. Balance in hands of treasurer Dec. 21, 1877, \$3,969.84.

Local Paragraphs.

Eggs down to 10 cents a dozen.

Mrs. H. C. Bowen, of Brooklyn, has returned to her home.

Joshua Wadley, Sen., has rented the P. M. Carpenter house.

Mrs. P. M. Carpenter has returned to Onondaga Co., N. Y.

The Greenbackers are gaining in numbers in this locality.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Simon Tuller is slightly improved.

Potatoes have lately been very low, the eastern markets being glutted.

The mud has dried out of the roads very fast during the past few days.

Maple molasses has lately been selling on the streets at \$1.25 a gallon.

Ranslo Alfred is going to move back into his own house in Wayne street.

Wellington Barker is going to move into the Skinner house on Main street.

The schools of districts 7, 8, and 9 will all re-open next Monday, March 26th.

Our merchants' trade has been steadily increasing for the past few weeks.

Remember Mr. Carswell's lecture at the M. E. Church this (Wednesday) evening.

Strong Bennett is going to teach the spring term of school at district number 9.

Mr. J. K. Parker is going to open a barber shop in Almoner Thomas' building, on Main street.

Albert Baskirk, of this village, is going to move on to the Menter farm in the Everts neighborhood.

Mrs. Aaron Killam has bought a house of R. Bewa, in Wayne street, near the corner of Main street.

Mrs. Emily Allen and her daughter, Miss Sarah Allen, of Oswego, visited friends in this village last week.

We hear that M. M. Lucas is going to carry on his watch repairing business in J. C. Taylor's drug store.

Justice Kellogg has materially improved the appearance of his residence by the removal of surplus shade trees.

The ladies of the Woman's Temperance Union will hold a meeting at the Baptist Church, at 3 p. m., next Saturday.

We understand that George Tubbs is going to move his watch repairing business into E. L. Huntington's drug store.

Charley [Mayo and Jo, his son, we hear, have gone on to a farm in Michigan and Mrs. Mayo will join them in a few days.

Ranslo Alfred is going to move his stock of goods from his present location to his old place in Gait & Castle's grocery store.

We hear that some persons of bad characters, living in Parish, were treated to a coat of tar and feathers last Sunday night.

Mrs. B. G. Eaton and Fred are going to Jackson, Mich., to live, where Mr. Eaton and Frank are now engaged in business.

The spring term of school at the Academy begins next Tuesday, March 26th, with the same corps of instructors as last term.

There is a fair prospect for considerable building in this village and vicinity, the cost being much less than for a great while.

George Pruyn is doing a good business, we are pleased to notice, in the harness business, and has lately put in a large, nice stock of new goods.

Rev. Dr. Cross delivered his popular lecture, "Italian Rome," at Empire Hall last Monday night. Those who were present enjoyed a very able lecture.

Mrs. Jerry Eggleston and her sons-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John Andrews, all of this village, have moved to Joliet, Ill. We wish them much prosperity.

We hear that we made a mistake last week in regard to Mr. Gustin's insurance. We said the property was insured for \$3,000, but we are informed that the amount was \$4,000.

The greenback men of this village held a meeting at Empire Hall last Friday evening, addressed by John J. Friday, of Syracuse. There was quite a gathering present, and music was furnished by the Helicon band.

Mrs. Elbert Jones, of Butterfly, died of typhoid fever last Monday, after a short but severe sickness; and Mrs. Joseph Simons, of this village, after several weeks' severe sickness, died last Monday night. The afflicted relatives have our sincere sympathy.

The funeral of Dr. B. E. Bowen was held last Friday, at 3 p. m., at the Presbyterian Church. The house was filled with mourners and friends, and a very able sermon was delivered by Rev. T. A. Weed, of Scottsville, N. Y., but for many years a resident of this village and pastor of the above-named church.

We are told that the funeral of Mrs. Elbridge Jones will be held at 2 p. m., to-day (Wednesday) at the house of her parents, Mr. Griffin's, in this village. It is said that her disease was not typhoid, but chill fever. We hear that Mrs. Simons' death occurred Tuesday morning, and not on Monday night. We have not heard of the arrangements for her funeral.

Mr. Edward Carswell, of Ottawa, Can., the renowned temperance lecturer, will deliver one of his very inter-

esting and popular temperance lectures, under the auspices of the Mexico Tent of Rechabites, at 7:30, this (Wednesday) evening, in the M. E. Church. Admission 10 cents. Mr. Carswell's ability as a lecturer is well known to many in this vicinity, and he will probably draw a large house.

Mrs. John Averill, an old resident of this village, died last week. Her funeral was held last Thursday, and the sermon preached by Rev. W. F. Hemmaway. Mrs. Averill, as well as her husband, many years since deceased, was a worthy Christian and a faithful member of the M. E. Church. She was for many years during the latter part of her life afflicted by blindness. The afflicted friends of the deceased have the community's sympathy.

The ladies of the Universalist Church, of this village, will give one of their well-known and unsurpassed maple sugar festivals and social party on Thursday evening, March 21st, at Empire Hall. The entertainments provided by the ladies of the Universalist Society have no need of loud puffing. They have so often spoken so well for themselves that the people know what is in store for them, and we doubt not the attendance will be large on the present occasion.

CHURCH NOTICES.

E. P. Holmes, lay reader, will conduct a service for deaf-mutes in the chapel of St. James' Church, corner of Cass and Huron streets, Chicago, Ill., at 3 p. m., Sunday, April 14, 1878.

The service appointed for May 1st, in Buffalo, N. Y., will be held (D. V.) by Rev. A. W. Mann in St. John's Church.

The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, with its Home for the Aged and Infirm.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1878.

C. Lotch, San Francisco	\$ 5.00
Mr. and Mrs. George P. Clapp	100.00
Miss E. Benedict	10.00
A Friend, Rochester	10.00
Woodbury G. Langdon	25.00
Deaf-mutes in Baltimore for the Home	15.00
Offering at St. Ann's	1.00
Mrs. W. K. Thorn	20.00
St. Mary's, Brooklyn, service for deaf-mutes	32.00
E. K. Angell, Providence	20.00
Church of the Ascension, Fall River	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. B. Swift, Marblehead	5.00
St. Mary's, Mott Haven, service for deaf-mutes	.46
Miss Julia Low	25.00
Baltimore deaf-mutes for Home	5.00
Mrs. J. L. Morris	25.00
Charles H. Condit	1.00

COLLECTED BY MR. JAMES LEWIS.

H. Connor	\$ 2.00
J. E. D. Morgan	5.00
Mrs. H. S. Eldred	5.00
P. T. Dickinson	5.00
Henry F. Hills	2.00
A. B. Eno	20.00
Mrs. S. D. Bunce	1.00
Mrs. E. F. Rogers	1.00
E. P. Wheeler	5.00
W. Remsen	5.00
Leggatt Brothers	1.00
Carlisle Norwood	10.00
George Jones	20.00
Mrs. M. Thorn	2.00
Mr. Repling	1.00
Anonymous and Cash	36.00
Total	601.28

Since November 1st, the receipts have been \$2,243.83. \$7,000 at least are needed for the year. Donations may be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. Isaac H. Holmes, 105 Maiden Lane, or Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, No. 9 West 18th St., New York.

DEATH IN HIS FAVORITE ROBE.

The mortuary statistics of the whole civilized world show that about one-fifth of all mankind die of consumption alone, and the number of deaths due to consumption bears a greater ratio to the whole number than that of any other three diseases together. Moreover, investigation proves that this ratio is steadily increasing. Its increasing prevalence has led to the popular belief that consumption is incurable. Every year hundreds of these sufferers seek, in the sunny retreats of Florida or the dry atmosphere of Colorado, for health—and find only a grave. The influence of the atmosphere—the only remedial agent that either Florida or Colorado can afford the consumptive—is at best only palliative. The cure of consumption depends upon two essential conditions: 1st, the arrest of the abnormal breaking down of the tissues, which prevents emaciation, and 2d, the restoration of healthy nutrition, in order to stop the formation of tuberculous matter. Fulfill these conditions, and consumption is as curable as fever.

To fulfill these conditions the required remedy must increase the appetite, favor the assimilation of food, and enrich the blood, thus retarding the development of tubercles. To accomplish this, a more powerful alternative than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has never been discovered. At the same time, it soothes the irritation of the nervous system produced by violent coughing, which in its turn so often leads to more serious results. The use of "expectorants" in consumption is absolutely suicidal. For while removing the tubercles already formed, they produce yet more serious results by inflaming and destroying the sound and healthy tissues. Consumption requires a remedy that will soothe while it relieves; harsh medicines, but add fuel to the flame that already threatens to consume the system. The Golden Medical Discovery fulfills these conditions, and has been pronounced the best remedy yet discovered to allay and arrest consumption.

A QUIET SERMON.

REV. A. W. MANN ADDRESS AN AUDIENCE OF DEAF-MUTES—INTERESTING SERVICES AT CHRIST CHURCH YESTERDAY.

[From the St. Louis Dispatch.]

Yesterday a *Journal* reporter was shown the following, and told to go and see if it would not be an interesting service:

"Notice to the deaf and dumb: Service will be held at Christ Church chapel, corner Thirteenth and Locust streets, to-day, at 3 p. m. Rev. A. W. Mann, of Cleveland, Ohio, will conduct the service. All deaf-mutes and the public are cordially invited to attend."

He reached the place shortly before the hour announced, and found some seventy-five persons assembled there. Although the room was very quiet, it was plain to be seen that nearly every person in the room was assisting in carrying on a conversation, and talking as loud as he or she knew how to talk. [A practice that should be stopped, as it is not at all respectable nor reverent.—Ed. Jour.] The lightning rapidity with which a deaf-mute makes a sign—to other people mystic, but to one like himself perfectly intelligible—is truly wonderful.

As soon as the minister who was to conduct the services appeared all conversation ceased, and the whole congregation listened attentively to what he had to say. There were about a dozen outsiders, and although they could not understand the digital manipulations it was interesting to watch the earnest manner in which the reverend gentleman preached as well as the devout interest shown by the congregation.

The text was taken from the parable of the prodigal son, and the sermon was good, for, although the reporter did not understand it, he knew Mr. Mann by reputation and knew that his sermons as well as his writings were never poor.

There are in this city about two hundred deaf-mutes, but only about one quarter of them was represented there yesterday afternoon. Among the congregation were deaf-mutes from Carondelet, DeSoto, country towns over in Illinois, and besides from St. Louis.

It may not be out of place to give here a brief history of the struggles of these people, to obtain a social position equal to that occupied by those who were blessed with the full five senses.

In olden times, according to the Roman statutes, a deaf and dumb person was not allowed to hold property, vote, or in fact have any citizen's rights. The law-makers went so far in some countries as to decree that as soon as a child was discovered in this condition it should be destroyed, rather than grow up to be a burden to the community. And yet these people grow up like any one else, physically. To be sure their minds did not progress—remained dormant—and the unfortunate were, in a measure, burdensome,

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

Deaf-Mutes and District Schools.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Is it practicable to educate deaf-mutes in the district schools? This is the question at issue with the writer. Long experience, covering many years of practical instruction and observation in one of our State Institutions fully convinces me that it is not only practicable, but also very important. That it is practicable will be quite manifest from the following facts and considerations.

The universality of the system, as practiced in the numerous institutions, and the denominational and day-schools, of that class, gives it an easy introduction into the district schools. The mystical clouds that seemed to surround the system in former times are rapidly disappearing, and it is no longer an enigma, requiring, like some secret society, a formal initiation. The hundreds and thousands of graduates from all these schools have, by their contact with the speaking and hearing world, diffused a considerable knowledge of it, and many are their surprises in meeting with strangers who use their own vernacular. It is even sought for by many on account of its novelty, and is extensively practiced by young men and ladies as a means of telegraphing, thereby bringing it into vogue, and the prediction is that it will before long become one of the accomplishments necessary to a scholastic education, as is the case in the parish schools of England. In view of all this, there is a possibility of its being merged in the district schools. The combination would be a new feature, but no less instructive than interesting. The mutes would form but a slight isolation, and the members would take up and spread a knowledge of the language in the neighborhood, thus introducing them into society and breaking up their clannish propensities.

If there was an appendix in all the school-books of the present day embodying the manual alphabet and a clear exposition of the basis of the sign language, besides an extra qualification required of the teacher, the success of the plan could be very easily anticipated.

Preference is also given to the district school, on account of the benefits arising from it. Education is said to begin at home, and I say it should end there. Careful observation and investigation into the causes of the dissipation, and consequent pauperism of the present day, fully persuades one that great cities and great educational institutions are answerable. A deaf-mute, taken from all the good influences of a home, and thrust into a crowd of fellows of misfortune like himself, in an elegant and imposing building, and subjected to a change of habits and exercises, almost, if not entirely foreign to that of a home, is sure to acquire habits, tastes and ideas that render him shiftless, capricious and visionary in after life. Cases of uneducated mutes have come to light where they have worked steadily at home all their life and acquired a comfortable competence, thus proving that deaf-mutes, by reason of their misfortune, require but very little schooling—that of ordinary language and arithmetic being sufficient.

Another important feature of the plan is that it will reduce the unsightly pauperism of a State. Complaint gathers thick from every quarter now—a days that legalized pauperism is increasing to an alarming extent. Deaf-mute institutions are not a proper charity when district schools are found to answer the purpose.

It costs the State, on an average, \$200 per capita to run an institution; a sum of money that would hire a teacher to each deaf-mute at home. But if you send him to the district school every cent would be saved to the State, and wisely so too.

The plan of segregated buildings, that is already gaining favor, and the plurality of institutions in a State, and the prevailing employment of female teachers in the same are incontrovertible evidences of an approximate return to the district school system. A further examination into the merits of the latter will disclose many advantages of vital importance that cannot possibly be gained in a large and unyielding institution.

GOING TO HELP THE PAPER.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Upon seeing the object of your new "Our subscribers' Mutual Auxiliary" plan, as set forth in the JOURNAL, it struck me as a very good, ingenious and wise one. It is a very simple and practicable one. I will do all I can towards increasing the circulation of your excellent paper during the year from April 1st to the end of March, 1879. A SUBSCRIBER.

Boston, Mass., March 15, 1878.

A LETTER FROM REV. DR. GALLAUDET.

NEW YORK, March 12, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I left home on Wednesday forenoon, Feb. 27th, and attended to some church work in Asbury Park and South Amboy, spending the night with some friends at the latter place. I reached the station in West Philadelphia on Thursday at 4 p. m. I made several calls on relatives and friends. I consulted with Rev. Bishop Stevens and Rev. Dr. Rudder about our work among deaf-mutes. I made a flying visit at the Institution and exchanged a few words with Mr. Foster, Miss Kirby and others. I stopped for a few moments at the residence of the late Mr. William Welsh, so long a Director of the Pennsylvania Institution for Deaf-Mutes, and had the privilege of a short conversation with Mrs. Welsh, who had, for many years, so effectively aided her husband in his extensive benevolent work. A little before 8 o'clock I reached the Sunday-school room in the rear of St. Stephen's Church, 10th street, above Chestnut, where the Rev. H. W. Syle and upwards of a hundred deaf-mute ladies and gentlemen extended me a hearty welcome. I gave them a lecture on "Sketches from Real Life," taken from my own personal experience, throwing in a few practical inferences by way of admonition and encouragement. After the lecture Mr. Syle and I had a long talk at the Continental Hotel. It was very gratifying to me to hear from him of the success of the different departments of work which had been under his guidance. He and his deaf-mute friends have some plans for the future which I trust will one day become Providential realities. It was my privilege to hold the first church service for deaf-mutes in Philadelphia, in St. Stephen's Church during the rectorship of Rev. Dr. Ducahet, on a Friday evening in February, 1859. Mr. Henry J. Haight and I had been to Baltimore and Washington on a visit and we stopped for this service on our way back. From that time to the present the history of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes in Philadelphia has been another illustration of the growth of the tree from the mustard seed, referred to figuratively by our blessed Saviour when He was upon the earth. May our deaf-mute friends of the city of brotherly love ever continue to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

I took the midnight train from Philadelphia and reached Washington Friday, at 6 a. m. I went at once to Kendall Green and breakfasted with my brother's family. He had started a few days before on a journey to visit some of the western Institutions. He had worked very hard on his preparations for opening the new building of the National Deaf-Mute College and needed the change. I was sorry not to have seen him, but felt that his western visit would be followed by good results in the education of deaf-mutes. At 9 o'clock I attended service in the college chapel, Prof. Hotchkiss officiating. Professors Fay, Porter, Chickering, Gordon and Draper were present. There were between forty and fifty students from different parts of our country, representative men who, I trust, will make the world better by their diligent use of the extraordinary privileges which they enjoy. After prayers Mr. Hotchkiss was so kind as to conduct me through the new college building. As it has already been described in the JOURNAL I will not dwell upon the details. I felt impressed with the thought that here was a grand illustration of the effects of object teaching. Beautiful buildings, with their tasteful appointments, must have a beneficial effect upon the characters of those who are gathered within them. I trust my young friends, the students of the National Deaf-Mute College, will, with the Divine blessing, attain unto intellectual and spiritual growth which shall be in harmony with all their surroundings. In the afternoon I visited the Primary Department, the three classes of which were taught by Professors Denison and Ballard and Miss Gordon. On Saturday I had pleasant calls on Miss Pratt and Miss Allen who are in charge of the house-keeping department, and also looked in upon other friends. It was almost a summer day. The grass was green and the early flowers were opening to view. I rested from some of the thoughts and anxieties which enter into my life in New York, and enjoyed the passing hours. At 7 30 p. m. I went to Baltimore, and having called on Rev. Dr. Leeds, became the guest of Mr. Morrison, at the Institution for the Blind. He has for years shown kind hospitality to the different workers among the deaf-mutes of

Baltimore. In addition to his duties as principal of the institution where I stayed, he has the direction of the Institution for the Colored Deaf-Mutes and Blind, in South Broadway. On Sunday, at 11 a. m., in Grace Church, I assisted Rev. Dr. Leeds. We administered the Holy Communion to a large number of persons. At 3 p. m., in the Sunday school room I conducted a short service and addressed a congregation of deaf-mutes. At 4 p. m. we all went into the church. Dr. Leeds read the service and I interpreted. I then made an oral address in relation to "The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes," dwelling specially on what had been accomplished in Baltimore. On Monday forenoon I started for home, having from Philadelphia for my traveling companion Miss Howard, of New York, who had been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Syle for a month. This is a brief record of another of those trips which I am prudentially called to take from time to time to help on the church work among deaf-mutes. I have reason to think that they are instrumental in accomplishing some good results. I shall watch with much interest your simple plan of life insurance, as set forth in the JOURNAL. With an earnest desire to see your paper reach a circulation which will make it a complete success, I am

Yours sincerely,

THOMAS GALLAUDET.

HARTFORD CORRESPONDENCE.

HARTFORD, Conn., March 13, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The American Asylum has recently established two good things in her midst—a reading-room and a daily paper.

The boys in the shop made two reading-desks, each sixteen feet long, one having two sides, to stand in the middle of the room, the other to lean against the wall. On these desks are spread out and properly fixed the newspapers received, among which are the three city daily papers, the *Courant*, *Post*, and *Times*, the New York Daily *Tribune*, the various papers published for the deaf and dumb, many weeklies sent from different places in New England, and several religious papers. For illustrated papers there are Harper's and the *Christian Weeklies*. On a table, in the room, are copies of the reports of the deaf and dumb institutions, a dictionary of the Bible, as well as Webster's, geographies, and such general books of reference, mostly illustrated, Harper's and Scribner's *Monthlies*, in temporary binding, and bound volumes of *St. Nicholas* and the like, which attract with their pictures. The *Chatterbox*, *Wide-Awake* and the *Nursery* furnish interesting matter, in language adapted to youthful minds, and are abundantly embellished with pictures. The newspapers rarely get injured, while, before the desks were made, they were almost always torn to rags in a week or two, from being piled on each other, and by being tumbled and pulled about. It cannot be said that all the papers are fully read and the subject matter well digested, but the pictures always interest, the different pupils turn to their different home papers for local home news, and the city items, of frequent direct interest to the scholars, receive full attention. So those publishers who send papers free should feel that their generosity is not wasted.

But while the more advanced classes derive benefit from the reading-room, there are many who cannot well understand what was, generally speaking, written for men of mature minds. Indeed how could they, with undeveloped powers of thought, and a poorer command of language than that which their hearing fellows of equal age have? So the *Daily News* was started. Since the report has spread of a daily being published here, our principal has received numerous inquiries as to its size, number of subscribers, price of subscription, and so on.

The paper is printed by an electric pen and press. This pen is more like a lead pencil than a pen. Instead of lead inside there is a sharp needle, which moves up and down rapidly, being moved by a small wheel, at the top which is, in its turn, rotated by an electric current from a voltaic battery. The wires connecting the wheel and battery are gathered together in a flexible cord, so the pen may be moved about in writing, with ease. A thin sheet of paper is taken. As the pen moves along the needle moves up and down, and makes a multitude of minute holes in the paper, where ink would be with a common pen, somewhat as children prick letters in paper with a pin, but the holes made by the electric pen are much smaller and closer together. When the writing is done you have a prepared sheet, like a stencil plate. This sheet is now put on top of another sheet, and a roller

covered with printer's ink, is rolled on it. The ink goes down through the small holes which were made by the needle of the electric pen, and the sheet below is printed with what was written before.

Additional copies can be obtained as fast as a boy can roll the sheet three or four rubs and snatch them out of the press one by one.

The principal and teachers take turns at editing. They write down in simple language the news of the day, whether foreign, home, or strictly local, choosing that which will most interest or benefit the pupils, and not beyond their comprehension. The copy is usually ready at the close of school-hours at 4 o'clock. A careful man, an accurate speller, writes with the electric pen to prepare the "stencil" sheet. This takes about half an hour each day, and two or three of the pupils can do the rest. So that the copies are ready for distribution, to those who can read them, at 8 p. m., at the close of the study hour. About 150 copies are printed, five days in the week. We use smooth yellow paper, which is cheap and just as good as white for the purpose. Each sheet is eight inches by twelve, printed on one side only. It will hold about two hundred and fifty words, which make enough matter for the pupils to master in one day, in addition to their regular school work.

It will be seen that this *Daily News* cannot well be sent to distant persons regularly. It is too small, and the postage would amount to a great deal, but it serves its purpose, almost perfectly. The pupils reach eagerly for it, and begin reading at once. They are interested because they understand. Day by day, in the school-room, they are required to give an account, more or less full, of what they have read. They learn new words and phrases. News of interest to themselves only, such as pantomimes in the chapel, visits to shows, and the like, are put in such shape that they can write intelligently about them to their friends. They acquire an interest in the affairs of the outer world, and are thus prepared to overcome the difficulties of reading and understanding the average newspaper, from which so many deaf-mutes turn away with mingled disgust and despair.

As to the cost, it is not great. The battery, in frequent use, should not take over fifty cents a month for the acids, and as for the paper, ink and labor, any one can calculate those expenses.

It must not be supposed that the electric pen is used for the *Daily News* alone. Stories, questions, examination papers and the like can be prepared with it, so that it is becoming indispensable. It is much liked at the Rochester Institution and would be in every institution, as soon as introduced. We tried the papyrograph before the pen, but found it more expensive to use, and requiring greater pains.

Mrs. Clerc, who is living near us, was confined to her bed recently, but is now improving in strength, notwithstanding her 86 years. We hope that she may live many years longer, as she is almost the only one remaining of those who were so closely connected with the origin of our school. Napoleon and Washington do not seem to be so very far off when we remember that her husband saw the former, and that she was six years old when the latter died.

WM. L. BIRD.

BOSTON AND VICINITY NOTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On Sunday, the 24th of Feb., Boylston Hall was crowded, in the forenoon, to hear a sermon delivered by Prof. Atwood, of Newburyport. He preached it especially to those who strayed and fell from the way of the righteous, and urged them to return at once to Jesus; no matter how far they have strayed. In the afternoon a religious conference was to be held, but was necessarily postponed, because one of the committee forgot to take with him a report to be read. In stead of holding a conference, brief speeches were made by different parties on Prof. Atwood's sermon, and the hall was filled.

In the evening a large audience attended the prayer-meeting. A religious feeling was awakened, and a good number rose for prayers.

On Sunday, the 3d inst., Mr. Bailey, of Marblehead, delivered a very good sermon before the Boston Deaf-Mute Society, which was well attended.

On the evening of the 6th inst., Mr. W. H. Goldsmith, of Cambridgeport, delivered a good lecture on the adventures and struggles of a young widow and her baby daughter. He drew a full house. It was the largest audience on lecture evening the Boston Deaf-Mute Society ever had.

On Sunday, the 10th inst., Mr. David, of Amhurst, N. H., conducted a service at Boylston Hall.

On the evening of the 12th inst., despite the bad rain storm, a very large company of mute friends of Mr. P. Marsh, one of our most prominent and respectable mute gentlemen, met at his residence in Roslindale for a surprise party, which proved to be the most successful and prominent affair. Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, who were invited and stayed to tea at the residence of their daughter, Mrs. Adam Acheson, on purpose to let the company go in Mr. Marsh's house, went home in due time. On finding the front door unlocked they were scared, being under the impression that their house might have been broken into by burglars, and cautiously went in to fight the intruders. They were completely surprised on being besieged by their many friends, who congratulated and presented the host and hostess with many good and useful presents, including several sums of money, a pair of gold spectacles, and other valuables. They soon recovered from their embarrassment, cordially greeted the guests, and expressed many sincere thanks for the presents brought. An excellent collation was provided, and a happy evening was spent in various amusements till late in the evening when the guests went on board the special car, which soon rolled into Boston. It was the largest and best party they ever enjoyed. Much credit was due to Mrs. Chas. P. Wise, one of our most popular ladies, who conceived the idea and got up the most successful and enjoyable party. The guests were mostly of the prominent and intelligent mute gentlemen and ladies. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. W. Lynde, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. George Homer, Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Bowes, Mrs. Amos Smith and Mrs. I. L. Wheeler.

The other evening we were favored with a visit from Mr. Ira H. Derby, of South Weymouth, at Boylston Hall. He was the most jolly mute we ever saw, and we always enjoyed his visit. He can invent any jollity to make long faces short. His books, "History of the first school for deaf-mutes," were all sold, and he has just ordered a thousand more copies, which are now in the hands of the printer and will shortly be ready. We congratulate him on his success in selling, and those who have not his books yet should at once enclose and send 25 cents each, and they will get the valuable books in return.

The other evening a well-known mute gentleman, who lives not a thousand miles from Boston, went to Melrose, one of the many suburbs of Boston, to see Mr. Chas. A. Douglas, the well-known mute sportsman. While he was hurriedly walking in the darkness, on returning to the depot, he parted a little farther from this mute friend of Mr. Douglas, who escorted him, and overstepped the edge of the sidewalk. The result was that he fell headlong and lay flat in the gutter, and a bundle, that he carried under his arm, flew many feet up in the air. He was a good deal scared, but was happily not injured in the least. He learned a good lesson from the result, and went arm in arm with his escort, who enjoyed the misfortune hugely. He got to the depot just in time to take the last Boston train. Had it occurred only on the next evening, he would have got wet and muddy, for it was a muddy day and the gutters were full of slush.

A petition has been largely signed, asking Mr. Swett, the general manager of the New England Industrial Home for Deaf-Mutes, to withdraw his agents who solicited funds in Boston and vicinity, because they did not believe in the Home, and did not want to have the good name of the Boston Deaf-Mute Society injured and mixed up with the Industrial Home affairs. Among the many signers were Lynde, Marsh, Tillinghast, Holmes, Livingstone, D. White, Krause, Bowes, Magee and Newhall. It is understood that Mr. Swett complied with the request and withdrew his agents from Boston and vicinity.

E. J. Welch, better known as Black Welch, has just got back to Boston to do his tailoring business, and we were very happy to see him again. He looked improved in health. He has been staying with his bride at his parents' in Pennsylvania, since last fall. His bride is still in Pennsylvania, but will be in town shortly.

The Boston Deaf-Mute Society continues to enjoy perfect harmony. The attendance steadily increases in number, and has frequently filled the hall to its utmost capacity. The committee begin to see it necessary to hire a large hall to fully meet the wants of the society and have so reported to their trustees.

E. N. Bowes, who has reformed, goes regularly to Boylston Hall, and takes a part in upholding the good name of

the society, and we welcome him. Let his past be forgotten forever.

Some of our readers may inquire as to where and when the Boston Deaf-Mute Society meets. It meets on Sunday (all day,) and Wednesday evenings, at Boylston Hall, on the corner of Washington and Boylston streets. The entrance that leads to Boylston Hall is on Boylston street, a few doors from Washington street. The public is cordially invited.

SPECTATOR.

Boston, Mass., March 14, 1878.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Mar. 14, 1878.

The time made over the Congressional course leaves Dexter and Goldsmith Maid in the shade.

The veto of the Silver bill went tearing through both houses, smashing things right and left, reminding one of the old story of a mad bull in a china shop. An inquisitive genius, with malice aforethought wondered how the sweet songs of the birds affected the gentlemen in the White House, the beautiful spring morning following the *coup d'etat*. The political wise sayers, will now have ample opportunity to test the truthfulness of their prophecies. The bill is a law, and it is evident, from the lulling of the storm, that the people hail it as an omen of better days and reviving activity in business circles. With a coin stamped with the head of the Goddess of Liberty, and over it *E. Pluribus Unum*, and on its reverse side the image of our own proud bird, encircled by the motto, "In God we trust," legalized by the fiat of law, who shall say that it is not a dollar, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever?" All the mints now in operation are to be devoted to the coinage of the silver dollar exclusively, except when it is absolutely necessary to coin gold. Whatever may happen from the Silver bill, it will stop the shrinkage of values, especially in real estate. Those who have money will not have for years as good an opportunity to invest to advantage.

The next great question is the subject of free coinage and bullion certificates. The country may yet hope that, though long delayed, the end of this financial conflict will come, and from the unrest and disaster of the past the giant energies of the nation will rise, disenthralled, to a new era of commercial prosperity.

The tariff bill is being perfected and will be reported by the committee at an early day, for the consideration of the house.

Ohio is a good State to be born in provided one is born orthodox, and, under the provisions of the civil service, J. O. Howard of the U. S. of Ohio has been nominated to the Senate by the President as assistant appraiser of the Port of New York, at a salary of \$3,000 per year. This gentleman is only known to fame as having been the President's biographer. This is said to be the first instance when a citizen of Ohio has been appointed customs-house officer in New York. Surely we are on the up grade.

Washington is well supplied with witty and brilliant correspondents, among the ladies. There is the queen of the journalistic field, Grace Greenwood, (Mrs. Lippencott.) She lives here in unassuming style with her charming daughter. She bears a pleasant countenance, with her brow but slightly furrowed by the sixty odd years of her eventful life. She has the reputation of being ill-humored, but we never found her so, although her writings are often tinted with severe sarcasm. Then there is Gail Hamilton, (Miss Dodge.) She is a sharp, sarcastic, little old maid, who can write letters which would make the sphynx wince. She has her house at Senator Blaine's, and is the sister of Mrs. Blaine. Mary Clemmer is one of the most famous and popular writers of the times. She has a pleasant, winning way, has hosts of friends and, rhetorically, she has ability to dress her subject in the grandest conceivable attire. Mrs. Grundy, the society editress of the evening *Star*, swings a pen from whose point drops words of wit, sarcasm and flattery. Of the lesser lights there are a galaxy of young and old scribblers, among whom are "Olivis," "Vanity Fair," "Bessie Beech," and others.

During the last fortnight the weather has been so beautiful here that all the strangers have been journeying to where lie the bones of the late General George and wife. Among most people it is considered a sin unpardonable to come to Washington and not go to Mount Vernon. This historic place is down the river 18 miles, and the way to go is with Capt. Hollinghead, on the steamer "Arrow." The old house is kept up just as it was, guarded very carefully by attendants from the irrepressible relic hunters.

SRO.

OUR WORCESTER LETTER.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—It affords me a great deal of pleasure to send you some Worcester notes that may be interesting to your readers. We are having delightful weather, and our roads are getting dry. It has been very muddy here this month. Sunday, the 10th inst., was quite a lovely day, and it looked very much like May or June—a splendid, warm day, but the next day it became chilly and unpleasant. We hope to see the beautiful green grass, and the leaves on the trees before long, and shall enjoy seeing everything looking so beautiful. Like a "gentle lamb" spring has come.

Mr. Geo. B. Keniston, of Everett, could not come to this city to deliver a sermon before the Worcester deaf-mutes on Sunday forenoon, the 24th ult., as his wife was very sick. I preached for him, my text being, "Not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."—1 Peter iii:9. Our prayer meeting in the evening was interesting as usual.

Mr. William Lynde, of Boston, did not come here to preach Sunday forenoon, the 3d inst., because he was pleased to let me preach to the deaf-mutes of this city. My text was, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."—James iv:7.

We all expected Rev. Samuel Rowe, who was ordained as pastor a short time ago, to come and conduct religious services before us, Sunday, the 10th inst., but were doomed to disappointment. As there was no pastor at our hall, I had to take his place, and gave a sermon on, "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."—Matt. xxi:28. The meeting was larger than usual, and the number present was twelve. Our prayer-meeting in the evening proved a success, and we enjoyed it exceedingly. About ten were present.

Wednesday evening, the 13th inst., we had a good meeting at our hall, and enjoyed Mr. Henry M. Howe's lecture on, "Eight Cousins" very much, after which some of us told funny and laughable stories.

About two weeks ago as Mr. Parcells, of this city, had nothing to do here, he went to Boston to see Mr. Krause, a mute engraver, and Mr. Geo. A. Holmes, clerk in the registry of deeds office. Mr. Parcells then started for South Braintree to pay a short visit to a friend of his, and also to the Derby's, in South Weymouth.

When Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was in this city, about a month since, he visited our hall with which he seemed pleased, and called to see some of his mute friends before he left town.

DANIEL W. CARY.

Worcester, Mass., March 15, 1878.

Sad Drowning Accident of a Deaf-Mute.

(From the *Mystic, Conn., Press*, Feb. 21, 1878.)

On Sunday afternoon last several boys of the Whipple Home School for Deaf-Mutes went down the hill in the rear of the "Home" to a small pond, and Walter Pennell, a wide-awake little fellow of eleven years of age, ran upon the thin ice, broke through, and ere help could be brought by the other boys, was drowned.

It seems that Mr. Zerah Whipple was absent with Mr. Coates, who lectured that afternoon, Mr. Frank Whipple had gone to the neighbors, for a short time, when the little fellows about three o'clock, evaded the lady who is in charge to look after them and went together down the hill. Walter, who was generally a leader, tried to get the other boys to go on the ice with him, but they would not, so he ran and jumped upon the ice with force enough to carry him some distance and to the deepest part of the pond, when he instantly broke through, which was inevitable the moment he came to a stop, on account of the extreme thinness of the ice.

The other boys, on seeing his danger, he barely keeping himself up for a few moments by the fragile edges of the ice, ran part of them to the house of Mr. Clark Brown, where they found no one but a small boy, and the others up to the school, but before reaching it they looked back and saw that he was gone.

He was got out in a very short time and the most earnest efforts put forth at the house for his recovery, but without avail, life was gone.

A coroner's jury was summoned, consisting of Constable Austin Haley, foreman, Nathan S. Holloway, Clark P. Brown, Allen Avery, William Bindloss, and Amos Mitchell, who returned a verdict of "death by accidental drowning."

The father, Mr. Pennell, a Friend Quaker living at Linwood, a suburb of Philadelphia, was telegraphed for, and reached here on Tuesday and took the remains of the boy home with him. It's a sad blow for him, as he had sold a farm to give the little fellow an education, yet as he and the boy's grandfather had both visited and knew the Whipples previously, he did not hold them as blameable for the sad fatality.

